

# GERMANS ADVANCE EAST AND WEST OF VERDUN

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One Halfpenny.

## CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES NEAR YPRES: BRITISH TROOPS SCORE A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.



Captured German trenches near Ypres. The fighting was more costly to the enemy than any other action which has taken place on the British front for some time.

### LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.



Peter Scott, son of the late Captain Scott, the explorer, makes light of the Arctic conditions and builds a snow man.



Photograph showing the concrete dug-outs in a captured trench.

Later details of the capture by the British of the International trench and the "Bluff," in the Ypres salient, show that the operations were brilliantly carried out.—(Crown copyright reserved.)

### LINCOLN RECAPTURED.



Ignatius T. T. Lincoln (left), the ex-M.P. and spy, after his recapture in New York. He will be brought to England.

# COLONEL CHURCHILL URGES LORD FISHER'S RECALL AS FIRST SEA LORD

Former First Lord's Dramatic Assertion That Admiralty Lacks Driving Force and Mental Energy.

"MY MIND CLEARED BY MONTHS IN THE TRENCHES."

"Lord Fisher must come back."

That, in brief, was the outstanding feature of a sensational speech by Lieutenant-Colonel Winston Churchill in the House of Commons last night.

Leaning over the table at the close of his oration and addressing a crowded row of Ministers, Mr. Churchill, his sharp voice piercing to the topmost tier of the public gallery, said:—

"I urge the First Lord of the Admiralty to fortify himself and to vitalise and animate his Board of Admiralty by recalling Lord Fisher to his post as First Sea Lord."

## LORD FISHER WATCHES.

Up in the Peers' Gallery over the clock, his hand to his ear, a flush of crimson in his cheeks, his lips parted, sat Lord Fisher, closely watching Mr. Churchill.

It was in a remarkable passage that Mr. Churchill led up to his dramatic avowal. "I did not believe it possible that our very cordial and intimate association could be ruptured," he said, recalling Lord Fisher's resignation.

"But the stress and shocks of the war are tremendous, and the situations into which men are plunged expose them to strain beyond any which this generation has had experience of."

"We parted on a great enterprise upon which the Government had decided, and to which they were committed, and in which the fortunes of a struggling and ill-supported Army were already involved."

"I stood between us as a barrier. I therefore should have resisted on public grounds the return of Lord Fisher and I have



Sir Hedworth Meux.

Mr. Balfour.

on several occasions expressed this opinion in the strongest terms to the Prime Minister and the First Lord. (Mr. Asquith nodded his assent.) "We have now reached an entirely different situation, and I have no doubt whatever what it is my duty to say now."

"There was a time when I did not think I could have brought myself to say it."

"But I have been away for some months, and my mind is now clear. (Laughter, in which the Prime Minister and Lord Fisher heartily joined.)

"The times are cruel, the issues are momentous. The great war deepens and widens and expands around us."

"The existence of our country and our cause depend upon the Fleet."

"We cannot afford to deprive ourselves or the Navy of the strongest and most vigorous forces available."

"No personal considerations must stand between the country and those who will serve her best."

"I feel there is in the present Admiralty administration—for all their loyalty and zeal—a lack of driving force and mental energy which cannot be allowed to continue, which must be rectified while time remains and before evil results, and can only be rectified in one way."

"I am sure the nation and the Navy expect that the necessary step will be taken," said Mr. Churchill, urging the Government to recall Lord Fisher.

## GRAVE WARNINGS.

The other salient features of the ex-Minister's sensational speech were the following:—

"I have received from quarters which I am bound to respect a less satisfactory account of our preparations than the statement of the First Lord would lead us to expect."

"We have reached a period of the war when new and novel developments are possible."

"We do not know what is going on in regard to shipbuilding in Germany, but we must assume that Germany has completed every vessel begun before the war."

"The Government knew what the British Admiralty have done, but we cannot tell what Germany has done."

"Any shortage in naval material will give no chance for future recovery."

"Although the German submarine campaign has been a failure, we must not assume that it will not present itself in new and more difficult forms."

"New means ought to be devised to combat these forms before the enemy produces them."

"An attitude of pure strategic passivity would

not have been the attitude of the late Board of Admiralty during 1916."

"We hear a great deal about air raids," said Mr. Churchill.

"A great remedy against Zeppelins is to destroy the Zeppelins in their sheds." The House cheered.

"I cannot understand myself why all these many months, with resources far greater than those which Lord Fisher and I ever possessed, it has not been found possible to carry on a policy of raiding which in the early days carried a handful of naval pilots to Cologne, Düsseldorf, Friedrichshafen, and even to Cuxhaven."

## NAVY'S MAMMOTH GROWTH

Mr. Churchill's speech from the front Opposition bench—the first he has delivered from that part of the House—followed Mr. Balfour's survey of the naval situation.

The First Lord sketched in broad outline the great work of the Fleet. Here are some figures from his hour and twenty minutes' review:—

Combinants transported under	
guardianship .....	4,000,000
Horses carried .....	1,000,000
Tons of stores .....	2,500,000
Gallons of oil .....	22,000,000
Distance in miles guarded	
by British Navy	
(Archangel to Alexandria) ..	5,000
Increase of tonnage (war vessels	
of all classes) since war	
began .....	1,000,000

## INCREASE OF GUNS.

Mr. Balfour's main points were Navy.—The Navy has increased by well over a million tons since war began.

Number of naval guns had grown.

With one exception, the Fleet was stronger than at the outbreak of war. The exception was the armoured cruisers we had lost. We had lost a number of armoured cruisers, and we had not replaced them, but our armoured cruiser superiority was incontestable.

German raider Meuse succeeded in getting back home round Iceland.

Air Service.—He was of the opinion that the Navy must have an air service of its own.

Since August, 1914, the Naval Air Service has increased tenfold.

The Admiralty have purchased a large tract of land suitably situated for the purpose of aircraft training. They have secured the services of Commander Payne to undertake the work.

"The Navy," continued Mr. Balfour, "has enormously expanded since the outbreak of the war."

"It is desirable that we should have lighter-than-air machines from a naval point of view to supplement the efforts of the Fleet by scouting."

"We are developing this form of airship, but the great difficulty is one of housing."

"At no time in our history has so great an amount of shipbuilding capacity of the country been used for the production of ships of war as since the beginning of the present war."

The amount is unprecedented, and the production of many ships has never been run at greater speed."

## AIR STATION FARCE.

Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, in a maiden speech, said that if the First Lord of the Admiralty were foolish enough to bring back Lord Fisher to the Admiralty there would be general consternation throughout the Navy.

"The present Board of Admiralty is doing its work to the satisfaction of the Navy, and is not boasting about it."

"When Colonel Churchill was at the Admiralty he and Lord Fisher were at daggers drawn. Let me remind the right hon. gentleman that a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"He has filled many posts in his brilliant career, but I think he would have done better if he had stuck to one."

"We all wish him tremendous success in France, and we hope he will stay there." (Loud laughter and cheers.)

Mr. Hohl called attention to the fact that at one particular naval air station when Zeppelins came over recently there was no aeroplane.

They had a Maxim gun, but it was perfectly useless.

Later they got an aeroplane and an observer, but no pilot. (Laughter.)

He complained that some officers seemed to spend a good deal of their time in taking ladies out in motor-cars.

## JUDGE'S SALARY JOKE.

Mr. Justice Darling wondered yesterday whether he ought to have his salary reduced.

Mr. Mark Sheridan, the comedian, in an action brought against him for commission by Mr. Harry Day, the agent, said he had accepted £50 per week instead of £70 because of the war.

Mr. Justice Darling: Perhaps I ought to follow his example.

Mr. Tozer (of the Tivoli): We directors have also reduced ours.

Mr. Justice Darling: You mean the directors of the Tivoli, not of the British Empire. (Laughter.)

judgment was given for the plaintiff for £150 paid into court, the defendant to get his costs.

## AN UNRULY SHOE.

Princess Mary's Concern for Tiny Dancer at Royal Matinee.

LED THE APPLAUSE.

The Queen, Princess Mary and Prince Albert were present at the Coliseum yesterday afternoon when a performance was given in aid of the Y.M.C.A. concerts at the front.

Princess Mary looked delighted in a white blouse and white, flower-trimmed hat.

Mme. Lydia Kyasht was dancing with two woe mites of toe-dancers when the shoe-string of one of the dancers broke. Time again the baby dancer replaced her shoe, only to leave it in the final pirouette on the centre of the stage.

The Princess was much worried over the baby's distress, drew the Queen's attention to the incident, and was the first to lead the clapping.

As soon as the royal party entered the theatre the audience rose and sang the National Anthem. The Queen had as her personal guests 120 soldiers and a number of nurses.

In the royal box Princess Christian sat beside her Majesty, and beside the royal children were the Princesses Victoria and Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. It is due to the untiring energy of Princess Victoria that a large part of the success of the Y.M.C.A. huts and concerts is due. In attendance on the Queen was Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy.

After Miss Lily Elsie had made a tremendous success in a new song, "Just a Jack or Tommy," Miss Lena Ashwell spoke. She urged the absolute need for concerts to keep the men cheerful. Lastly came Sir James Barrie's new film-plus-murder playlet.

## USELESS MORATORIUM.

Labour Leaders Demand Increased Separation Allowances.

Financial relief for married men called to the colours is being keenly discussed in labour circles.

Mr. W. A. Appleton, of the General Federation of Trade Unions, says the Continual system of moratorium would be of no practical value. The acceptance of compulsion carried with it the corollary that difficulties in regard to rent, insurance, etc., would have to be met, by cumulative debt, but by adequate recompense.

The sum required to meet these payments would probably be about £6,000,000—little more than one day's bill for the war.

Whatever the Government may propose, says Mr. Harry Gosling, "anything that puts a millstone of debt round a married man's neck because he answered the call of patriotism will be utterly opposed." Increased separation allowances are required."

## WINTER BATHERS.

Whether it be sunshine or snow these members of the Southgate Seals Swimming Club go bathing. The seasons make no difference to them where their favourite sport is concerned.



and here some of them are seen just before plunging into the water, though the springboard and the sides of the bath are covered with snow.

## FOUR-INCH DAFFODIL.

There was one spot in London yesterday where one could forget the cold and slushy streets.

That spot was the Royal Horticultural Hall, where flowers of all kinds were being exhibited. Side by side stood bright daffodils: a fragrant roses, which vied with orchids and ornamental shrubs for the admiration of the beholder.

There were several novelties on view.

Messrs. Barr and Sons, Covent Garden, had a fine selection of daffodils, including Ptolemy, a giant bloom measuring four inches across, and Alicia, a beautiful flower of the Leeds variety, with creamy white petals and extending citron cups.

## LORD DERBY REGRETS THE MARRIED CALL.

Unless All Married Men Go Up There Might Be Shortage.

"SLUR ON PATRIOTISM."

"The married men are being called up long before they expected to be and long before I expected, but I should be casting a slur on their patriotism if I believed that they are not going to come forward when called upon."

This was Lord Derby's frank admission in a speech at Manchester yesterday.

He was speaking at a luncheon after inspecting a large number of motor ambulance cars which have been presented to the Red Cross by the cotton trade and brewing industries there. If the scheme of getting recruits by groups had been in existence before the war, he said, the details could have been fought out, but the fact was that this group system was first mentioned on October 19 last. They had had to get the men while the organisation was being prepared.

In good time he was perfectly certain they would get all the single men, but unless the mar-



Lord Derby (in bowler hat) at Manchester.

ried men came forward there might be a shortage, which would be absolutely fatal.

Those who criticised this calling up of married men so early would be the first to complain if they were not called up promptly and if the consequences of the delay was failure in the military operations.

Lord Derby added: "I regret this early calling of the married men more than I can say, and I should regret it still more if I thought the patriotism of the married men was only skin deep and that they would not come forward to play their part in this crisis."

I am receiving the assistance of all the Government Departments and I have no doubt we shall succeed in securing an army sufficient for our purpose made up for the most part of single men, and at the same time leaving behind all who are essential to the carrying on of the industries of the country."

## PREMIER'S SLY JOKE.

Being a Serious Dialogue on "What Is a Business Man?"

Scene: Premier's private room in the House of Commons. Time: Last night.

Enter deputation of business men, who want a Ministry of Commerce and consideration of question of improved commercial relations between United Kingdom, our Dominions and the Allies.

Sir Algernon Firth: "The Minister of Commerce should be a business man."

The Premier: "What do you mean by a business man?"

Sir Algernon: "A man brought up in business—one who knows the exigencies of business."

The Premier: "Not a lawyer, I suppose." (Laughter.)

Sir Algernon: "I did not say that. I mean a man right up in business, with business experience and knowledge."

The Premier: "I have spent a great part of my life in advising business men how to get out of difficulties." (Laughter.)

Sir Algernon: "But not in teaching them how to develop their business?"

In the course of his reply Mr. Asquith said he would carefully consider whether the opposition which had been hitherto successfully and reasonably maintained against the establishment of a Ministry of Commerce ought or ought not to be abandoned.

In a fortnight's time there would be a conference of all the Allies in Paris to discuss the whole question.

## NO CHANGE AT ADEN.

The Secretary of State for India announced yesterday evening that the situation at Aden remains unchanged, and no recent operations have taken place except a brush with the Turks on February 24, in which a small flying column inflicted casualties on them.

He expected to receive shortly from the Government of India a report covering all recent minor operations on the north-west frontier and elsewhere, Aden included.

# GERMANS STRIKING AGAIN AT VERDUN FROM THE EAST AND THE WEST

## Hill 265 Stormed by a German Division.

## FOE'S HEAVY LOSSES.

## Berlin Tells of the Early Morning Capture of Fresnes.

## ZEPP NEAR REVIGNY.

### VERDUN STRUGGLE.

The Germans are pushing on east and west of Verdun.

Paris yesterday reported that a German division, despite heavy losses, took Hill 265, but the French are still holding the "Goose" ridge.

Berlin claims taking the village of Fresnes, which is twelve miles south-east of Verdun.

### ZEPP AT WORK.

In regard to the Verdun fighting, the Germans say that a Zeppelin bombarded the railway establishments of Bar le Duc, about thirty miles south-west of Verdun and ten miles from Revigny.

The Germans assert that "small English detachments, which had penetrated into the trenches on Monday to the north-east of Vermeles, after strong artillery preparations, were driven out again by the bayonet."

## HILL 265 CAPTURED BY ENEMY TROOPS.

## Foe Advance Along the Railway Line Near Regneville.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 7.—This afternoon's French official communiqué says:—

In the Argonne some attempts made by the enemy to occupy a mine crater at the Haute Chevauchée were repulsed.

West of the Meuse, by means of an intense bombardment, the Germans were able to advance along the railway line in the neighbourhood of Regneville.

A very violent attack, delivered by an entire division, was launched by the Germans at the same time against Hill 265, which they were able to capture, in spite of the heavy losses inflicted upon them by our artillery and machine guns.

We hold the village of Bethincourt, the clumps east of the Corbeaux and Comies Woods, and the summit of the Cie Hill.

The artillery struggle continued with intensity during the night to the east of the Meuse, in the region of Bras and Hardaumont, and in the Woivre, in the sector of Fresnes, and in the villages at the foot of the hills.—Reuter.

## BRINGING UP BIG GUNS.

AMSTERDAM, March 7.—All the military experts in the German papers agree that the lull in German activity against Verdun is necessary for the bringing up of heavy material for a further attack and for preparations for this purpose.—Reuter.

## AUSTRALIANS AT VERDUN?

MELBOURNE, March 6.—Speaking at a crowded and enthusiastic meeting held at the town hall as a demonstration of sympathy with and admiration for France in her defence of Verdun, Mr. Pearce, the Commonwealth Minister of Defence, said that the heroic sacrifices of the French people backing up the armies enabled the lines to be held. He was glad to say that the Australian siege brigade was fighting there.—Reuter.

At the offices of the Australian Commonwealth yesterday it was stated that no news had been received there as to the presence of the Australian siege battery at Verdun.

Although admitting that there might be some truth in the report cable from Australia, the military officials were, nevertheless, inclined to doubt the accuracy of the statement.

## SUPERIOR TO THE FOE.

PARIS, March 7.—M. Gustave Herve, writing in *La Victoire*, says: "The truth which all our French soldiers know is that in the matter of artillery—light, heavy, and siege—we are to-day superior to the Germans."

The battle may last as long as it likes. We will have projectiles in profusion. The truth is that for the past eight days our soldiers have been amazed to see artillery of every calibre pouring in from all sides.—Exchange.

## GERMANS CLAIM TAKING VILLAGE OF FRESNES

## "French Still Holding Few Houses on Western Fringe."

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, March 7.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of the War.—Small English detachments which had penetrated yesterday into our trenches to the north-east of Vermeles, after strong artillery preparations, were driven out again with the bayonet.

In the Champagne our position to the east of Maison de Champagne, which the French occupied on February 11, was recaptured by means of a surprise attack. Two officers and 150 men were taken prisoners on this occasion. Following up the effect of an important mining operation in the Argonne, we pushed our positions to the north-east of La Chalade a little forward.

In the Meuse district the artillery fire on the western bank of the river again became more lively. To the east of the river it was maintained at medium violence.

Apart from engagements between reconnoitring parties no hand-to-hand fighting with the enemy took place.

In the Woivre district, the village of Fresnes was captured by storm early this morning. The French are still holding their own in a few houses on the western boundary of the village. They lost over 300 men.

One of our airships heavily bombarded during the night the railway establishments of Bar-le-Duc.

Eastern and Balkan Theatres of the War.—The situation remains generally unchanged.—Wireless Press.

## 'SOLIDLY ESTABLISHED ON GOOSE CREST.'

## Germans Unable to Move French from Dominating Position.

PARIS, March 6.—A semi-official statement issued here to-night says:—

The situation before Verdun, which has remained stationary for some days past, underwent a considerable change to-day.

The struggle, which has been localised since March 2 to the region of Douaumont, Haudremont and the right bank of the Meuse, extended to-day to the left bank between Bethancourt and the river.

The Germans, after a violent attack, succeeded in penetrating into the village of Forges, situated in a salient on our line, but they were unable to debouch, despite several repeated attempts, which were repulsed by our curtain of fire.

### SOLIDLY ESTABLISHED.

The enemy's gain represents between 150 and 200 yards of ground at the most, because their lines are at the foot of a wood before the little village.

Moreover, this advance gives them no decisive advantage, for we remain solidly established on the dominating position of the Cote de l'Oie (the Goose Crest, a mile south of Forges).

It is simply evidence of the enemy's lively desire to get rid of the annoying salient which the Meuse forms to the north of Verdun. But here also his hopes will be shattered.

### IN CHAMPAGNE.

In Champagne, despite the methods employed—the explosion of mines and the use of flaming jets—the operations are local, unsuccessful and without any connection with the action at Verdun, except that they show the need of the enemy to keep our troops on the move along the whole front and to hinder us in bringing up reinforcements.

The incident at Forges, therefore, is without definite influence on the battle of Verdun, the course of which may be awaited with confidence.—Reuter.

## LORD DERBY REGRETS CALL TO MARRIED MEN.

## Director General's Surprise at Early Demand Made.

"The married men are being called up long before they expected to be and long before I expected, but I should be casting a slur on their patriotism if I believed that they are not going to come forward when called upon."

This was Lord Derby's frank admission in a speech at Manchester yesterday.

He was speaking at a luncheon after inspecting a large number of motor ambulance cars which have been presented to the Red Cross by the cotton trade and brewing industries there. If the scheme of getting recruits by groups had been in existence before the war, he said, the details could have been fought out, but the fact was that this group system was first mentioned on October 19 last. They had had to get the men while the organisation was being prepared.

In good time he was perfectly certain they would get all the single men, but unless the married men came forward there might be a shortage, which would be absolutely fatal.

Those who criticised this calling up of married men so early would be the first to complain if they were not called up promptly and if the consequences of the delay was failure in the military operations.

Lord Derby added: "I regret this early calling of the married men more than I can say, and I should regret it still more if I thought the patriotism of the married men was only skin deep and that they would not come forward to play their part in this crisis."

"I am receiving the assistance of all the Government Departments and I have no doubt we shall succeed in securing an army sufficient for our purpose made up for the most part of single men, and at the same time leaving behind all who are essential to the carrying on of the industries of the country."

## ZEPPELIN AND WARSHIPS IN THE NORTH SEA.

## Germany's New Threat of Blockade of British Isles.

AMSTERDAM, March 6.—The *Telegraaf* learns from Vlieland that Zeppelin and about twenty-five German warships were seen cruising from north-east to west, and later disappeared in a northern direction.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, March 7.—Yesterday afternoon a Zeppelin airship was seen at Maastricht going from the east in a westerly direction.—Central News.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—Information has been received here that the Berlin authorities have decided to order the complete blockade of the British Isles by submarines and mines, which will be dangerous to the vessels of all nations.—Exchange.

## FIGHTING A WAY THROUGH TO TREBIZOND.

PETROGRAD, March 7.—Additional details have now reached Petrograd concerning the fighting on the Black Sea coast.

On March 1 the Russian troops, supported by the Black Sea Fleet, renewed their attacks on the Turkish positions, and, after obstinate fighting, occupied a fortified place on a river, preparatory to their successful descent on Atina, twenty-five miles from Riza and on the way to Trebizond.

The Turkish losses were extremely heavy on March 3. The fleet fiercely bombarded the Turkish positions near Menavra.

After the artillery preparation the Russian troops stormed and took the positions, inflicting heavy losses on the Turks.—(Central News.)

## MAMMOTH GROWTH OF BRITISH ARMADA.

## Mr. Balfour Announces Over a Million Tons Increase in Ships.

## A GREAT AIR SERVICE.

"The Navy, including all classes of war vessels, has increased by well over a million tons since the outbreak of war."

This was one of a series of striking statements made last night by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons on the Navy Estimates.

Other points from Mr. Balfour's speech were:—

The personnel required by the Navy has doubled since the war began.

Under guardianship of the British Fleet there has been carried by sea:—

4,000,000 combatants.  
1,000,000 horses and mules.  
2,500,000 tons of stores.  
22,000,000 gallons of oil.

The Navy must have an air service of its own.

The Admiralty have purchased a large tract of land suitably situated for the purpose of aircraft training. They have secured the services of Commander Payne to undertake the work.

Since August, 1914, the Naval air service has increased tenfold.

Mr. Balfour made the interesting statement that the German raider *Moewe* had succeeded in getting back home round Iceland.

## NAVY DOUBLED IN MEN.

In his statement on the Navy Estimates Mr. Balfour said the policy of the present Board of Admiralty was a direct continuation of the policy of its predecessors.

When Mr. Churchill reviewed the circumstances that existed at the outbreak of hostilities he was perfectly justified in saying that the Fleet, which had been prepared by the Board of Admiralty of which he was the head, was quite adequate to maintain the command of the seas.

The Admiralty had to deal at the outset of war with the problem of enemy commerce raiders.

That had been dealt with with such adequacy that no German cruiser was in a position to menace British commerce on the high seas.

### ENORMOUS EXPANSION.

He did not think that justice had been done to the Committee of Imperial Defence or the Board of Admiralty for the preparations made for such a sudden and unforeseen emergency as it had to deal with in the first week of the war.

The Navy had enormously expanded since the outbreak of hostilities.

The Navy of the first days of war had been entirely surpassed by the Navy which this country and its Allies now had at its disposal.

It was a very fair measure of the growth of the Navy to say that the personnel required by the Navy had doubled since the war began.

## LIBELS ON ITALY.

Lord R. Cecil, replying to Sir C. Hunter, stated that his attention had been called to attacks in certain newspapers on our Italian Ally, notably her alleged abandonment of Serbia and Montenegro, the inaccuracy and injustice of which he deplored.

He wished to take this opportunity of expressing the entire confidence of the Government in the loyalty and co-operation of Italy.

A warning had been issued to those responsible for the articles in question.

Mr. Rumbold said some restrictions would have to be imposed shortly on the importation of fresh fruit with a view to securing more tonnage space.

No restrictions under consideration, however, would affect Jamaica bananas or any other fruit produced in the Empire.

## OUTBURST AGAINST THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

## U.S.A. Ambassador's Brother Quotes Scripture as Argument.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—Mr. R. D. Page, brother of Dr. Page, the United States Ambassador in London, has announced that he has no intention of seeking renomination to Congress on the ground that he is opposed to the President's foreign policy.

Mr. Page, in a message to his constituents, declares that the Government's assent to the flotation of the Anglo-French Loan in the United States destroyed the last semblance of neutrality, and quotes the words of Christ—"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Colonel House, however, is convinced that Congress does not want war with the United States.—Central News.



An Indian soldier in a British camp at Salonika has a little difference of opinion with one of his mules to the amusement of his comrades.—(Official photograph, issued by the Press Bureau.)

## DESERTER TRIED BY COURT-MARTIAL—IN A PLAY.

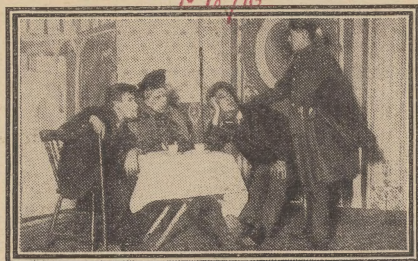


The court-martial, showing the prisoner (Private Mobey) and the General, Private Grimwood, D.C.M. In the circle, the author.

## BLIND FARMER



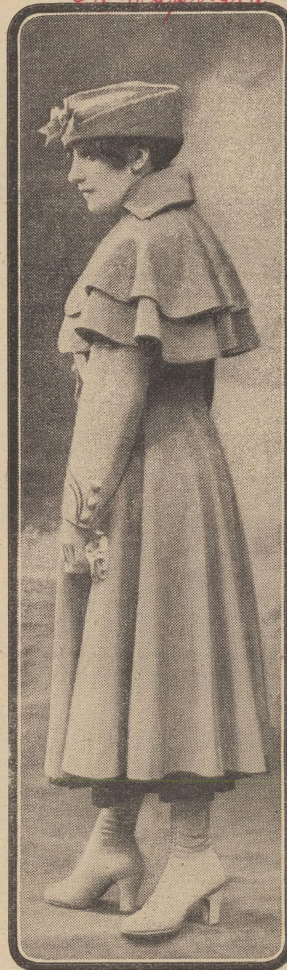
Sergeant-Major J. E. Bell (Irish Guards), who, after being taught poultry farming at St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind, has started a farm of his own near Guildford.—(Swaine.)



Appealing to the bad son to join the Army.

An entertainment in aid of the Croydon Red Cross Fund was given by wounded soldiers at St. Paul's Hall, Thornton Heath, the chief item being a military sketch entitled "The Deserter," by Private V. Rush.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## "THE HIGHWAYMAN"



This fashion is suggested by the old-time highwayman's cloak, and looks very smart.—(Henri Manuel.)

## BRACES FOR SKIRT.



A "workmanlike" model worn by Miss Muriel Martin Harvey, the actress. The skirt, which has a pocket, is secured by half braces over the shoulders.—(Bert-ram Park.)

## "MAY ETHERIDGE."



Lady Edward Fitzgerald (formerly Miss May Etheridge) and her little son. She is appearing on the stage again in a musical play in London.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



## Louise of "LUVISCA" Speaks—

"All you who have laboured under the problem of dressing attractively on a circumscribed income—I've a message of real gladness for you.

"Know you all, then, that 'Luvisca' is a fabric with all the beauties of silk and with none of its drawbacks. That it costs less than silk costs—wears better and longer, and can be washed and washed, practically without limit—and will always retain its glorious lustre of surface, for all the world like the finest silk.

"The secret? Of course there's a secret! But it's an open one. The groundwork of 'LUVISCA' is a stout cotton warp. The wool is of a fine, glistening artificial silk. The one gives strength. The other gives lustre—and such a lustre! A lustre that lasts—as I have said—spite of washings innumerable.

## "Take my advice, get a 'Luvisca' Blouse

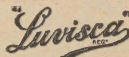
—ready-made if you like. You can see all sorts of beautiful models at your own Drapers.

"Make sure it is a 'Luvisca.' Look for the neck-tab;



Or you can buy the material by the yard.

"You can tell the genuine 'LUVISCA' by seeing the selvedge stamp.



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# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1916.

## LENT AND LOAN.

REDOUBLED efforts, on the part of people who do not save, to induce other people to save for them, are likely to result from the reappearance of this penitential season in war time. Probably the coming Budget, however, will turn out to be more effective as an instrument for forcing economy upon our neighbours than a neglected theological anniversary.

The war has remarkably proved the fact that we in England will not save until forced to it; and if we refuse on account of war, why should we consent on account of the season of self-denial? "If they want me let them come and take me" is supposed to have been the motto of the slacker, early in the year. "If they want my money, let them come and take it," says, similarly, the financial slacker, or man who means to make the most of a good time while it lasts.

Well, it appears that they are going to take it very soon.

Meanwhile, as regards the strictly theological Lent, one supposes that sufficient reason for depression and a humbled spirit exist already, in the state of things-as-they-are; so that this year at least we shall not need the Church's reinforcement of ashes and purple. On the contrary, we need the heartening news that now seems nearer than it has been for many months.

But who heeded Lent, you will say, before the war?

Those mainly to whom ritual and the forms of faith meant something, those whom it comforts to have, behind or beside the ordinary working calendar, a mystical year of feasts and fasts to relieve the monotony of business. These still, or more than ever, will celebrate the second war Lent. Reggie and Joy Flapperton will dine out as usual. It will not influence them.

Joy has scarcely heard of the season.

Reggie we've questioned about saving again and again; and always he replies: "Look here, old thing, if you want to save, and think you ought to, and all that sort of thing, why do it, what—only don't worry me about it." And he asks us out to dinner.

We refuse. Scruples impede us. We refuse because of the taxes and the war loans. He laughs at our refusal. Now we shall refuse on account of Lent. He will laugh at that too. He laughs at everything, both loan and Lent. He is refreshing. But we cannot induce him to be Lenten. A. F.

## SOLDIERS PASSING.

Along the plane-tree dappled pearly street,  
Full flooded with the gay Parisian light,  
I watch the people gather, led and right,  
Far off I hear the clarion shrilling sweet;  
Nearer and nearer comes the tramp of feet,  
And, while the soldiers still are out of sight,  
Over the crowd the wave of one delight  
Breaks, and transfigures all the dusty street.  
So have I seen the western Alps turn rose  
When the reflection of the rising sun  
Irradiates all their peaks and woods and snows,  
Even so this various nation blends in one  
As down the street the sacred banner goes,  
And every Frenchman feels himself its son!

MARY ROBERTSON.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let the idea of time and of the whole of substance be constantly before thy thoughts, and thou wilt find that all individual things as to substance are a grain of fig, and as to time, the turning of a gimlet.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

## SOME NOTES ON A MAN AND A NAME.

### HOW "FERDINAND VON ZEPPELIN" WILL BE REMEMBERED.

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

IF there's any sound to make us despair of human nature, it is the brazen thrill of Berlin's joy-bells on the morrow of a random raid. And the perverser sight is surely the cheering crowds that surge back and forth before "Papa's" modest house, trailing with them children in holiday garb flushed with vague delight.

A roar goes up. Long windows open inwards and Papa himself steps out—white-haired, beaming and benign—to bow his thanks and hint at new lines in German *Furchtlichkeit*—which is to say "Frightfulness."

Was der Satan seen in such reverend guise? Who would think that Papa fought as a volunteer in the American Civil War, when he handled balloons for the Southern Army and

ing, till at length he conquered his own people. They now "passed the hat" for Papa, and gave him the devil's own workshop on Lake Constance to perfect means for the wholesale extermination of helpless non-combatants when The Day of all days should dawn.

Then came "Success." And with it infamous "fame" to one nearing his eightieth year and facing the Unknown—the "good old German God" so hideously invoked when babies are torn limb from limb in their beds by monstrous bombs from the night clouds.

### A NOBLE RECORD!

"Five of one family were killed" is the drear account. "There were two old people, their daughter and two grandchildren. All were buried in one grave." And again, in Paris—in the shabby, toilsome Mémorialist Quarter—"Several babies' coffins were covered with white velvet. And while the little coffins lay at the graveside our schoolchildren came two by two and laid posies on their little playmates."

Such is the crown of Papa Zeppelin's life! A monstrous gasbag floating two miles high in the windy dark. A tri-nitro bomb of 1901b.

## THE AVERAGE MAN AND THOSE FORMS.



If a British citizen wants to do his duty just now, he must fill up forms. Gradually he will get a staff to help him in this duty.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

was all but killed in the battle of Fredericksburg? A bold dragon of 1870, he was cut down by a French lancer, and again cornered in the courtyard of an inn at Reichshofen. Here the whole party of Prussians surrendered, but Captain Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin bolted out by a back way, stole a French horse and escaped to the woody hills, where, after more than "Musketeer" adventures, he got back to the Prussian Army. He loathed England, this ruthless dragon. Even in those far-off days he carried in his mind the germ of a new device to circumvent our insular pride. "Nature has favoured them," he confided to his cronies, Van Tirpitz. "They block us at sea, but we'll yet swim over their fleet. Conquer the air and Britain's dominion is gone for ever."

Thirty years of his life this man gave to the problem. And thirty thousand pounds of his own money besides, first pawing, then selling his ancestral estate to get funds for new experiments. Smiling always in the face of failure! Ever steadfast before ridicule and official frown;

to be pitched anywhere—anywhere. For with batteries below the thing must soar out of all reach till the earth is a confused blur, with no "target" at all, but only a huddle of innocent victims. Strange, the persistency with which Zeppelin bombs fall on the poor and suffering! But which of us—of either sex, in any land or in any extremity—would accept this grey-beard's "frightful" fame? Fame is a glorious thing; the fame of a Lister or a Pasteur, a Rembrandt or a Keats. But Zeppelin's fame! The ghastly name of this old, old man, who stands smirking before a nation gone mad with savage blood-lust and linked with Bulgarian butchery and Armenian slaughter! "Zeppelin" shall stand for all that's cold and cruel in the deep drops of human crime. Listen! The bomb drops squarely on a little suburban home, and the labourer goes off to find his children. "Two of them had vanished. So had room and bed and everything. Two days later the little ones were found, horribly mangled, under the debris and dust."

Hence all this cheering before Zeppelin's

## LUXURIES.

### SOME OF THE THINGS WE COULD GIVE UP IN WAR TIME.

#### PLUMES.

IT WAS with pleasure that I read a short time ago the report of a question asked in the House by the member for Peterborough (Mr. G. Greenwood) as to whether the importation of plumage other than ostrich feathers might be prohibited as coming under the head of luxuries.

From the humanitarian, no less than the economical, point of view this would be an excellent thing.

I saw two drawings of hats in a fashion paper the other day—one hat was trimmed with two entire birds, one black and one white; the other with two great sprays of osprey. If women could witness the horrors that go to the obtaining of these millinery adornments I venture to say that they would never wear anything of the kind again. The wild life plumage trade has been proved to have its roots in German greed and German barbarity, therefore the purchase of ospreys and the like is not only cruel but unpatriotic. If the importation of them cannot be prohibited it would be good to tax them so highly as to become unobtainable save to the few to whom the price is too great to pay for the privilege of looking "smart."

#### WHAT SPANIARDS THINK.

I WAS very much interested to read in the issue of your largely circulated paper, of which I take a copy every morning, what Mr. Arthur Symonds writes about "What the Spaniards Think of the War."

As a Spaniard, I share the views of the rest of my countrymen, and I have to thank Mr. Symonds, through the medium of your valuable paper, for having brought before the public a topic which has given rise to many discussions between my English friends over here and myself.

Until now, the general opinion was shared in England that we, the Spaniards, were mostly pro-Germans; and as this gave ground to raise us to the same pedestal on which that country is placed for barbarism and disgrace, my contention always was that we could never agree in ideas with a race which wanted to rule over the whole world by brutal force, irrespective of any human feelings. THOMAS G. VARELA.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 7.—The lawn should be carefully attended to this month. Any bare places should be patched with fresh clean turf. Weeds must be dug out and all rubbish should be swept off. Soil, scattered over the surface during showery weather, will do much good.

Toward the end of the month grass seed may be sown. Before sowing see that the ground is dug over, made firm and perfectly level. Plenty of seed should be used; birds can be kept away by means of black cotton.

E. F. T.

house. Hence a holiday in the Berlin schools, and ministers of God ringing joy-bells with thought of pity or shame. Says Pastor Fritz Philippi from his famous Berlin pulpit: "As the Almighty allowed His Son to be crucified, so is Germany destined to crucify humanity." And venerable Papa is the protagonist of this "redemptive" tragedy! "Zeppelin!" Brave soldiers will shrink at the loathly name. Shuddering mothers will excrete it. Inventors will shudder. It is a lifetime's labour given to crude assassination of unresisting folk. And all decent people will be glad that what Kipling calls "our common adoration for the 'greatest German of the twentieth century'—the Kaiser's own phrase for Zeppelin? A phrase, by the way, that prodigiously "gives away" that same Germany of the moment!

## A GERMAN SUBMARINE AT WORK.



A torpedo fired from a U boat strikes a steamer and causes a terrific explosion. Science has altered the methods of everything, even piracy.

## TOO VALUABLE TO LOS



Recovering a torpedo after firing. It is being towed alongside the whaler, an idea of its length may be gathered by comparing it with the boat.

### HEIR TO DUKEDOM.



Major Lord Desmond Fitzgerald (Irish Guards), who has been accidentally killed in France. He was the Duke of Leinster's brother.-(Lafayette)

### WAR-TIME BOARD



Dispensing medicine for seedy dogs the front or engaged in war work attention.

### TREE A "CASUALTY."



A shell embedded in a tree near Ypres. Thousands have been destroyed since the war began.—(Official photograph, Crown copyright reserved.)

### MARRIED "GROUPTES" LEARN MUNITION MAKING.



A scheme has been started to give free instruction in munition making to married men in the later groups who may be substituted for single men now engaged in this work. Here the men are seen signing on.

### DRILLED BY GRAMOPH



The three remaining servants of the Mansion House begin to learn their number, however, forbids to

# COVERING A TORPEDO.



...ch too expensive to waste, and consequently are always brought used at practice.

# R PETS.



...ets whose owners are at receive every care and

# ANSION HOUSE.



the Lord Mayor at the as "sergeant." Their photograph.)

# PIERROT FRILL.



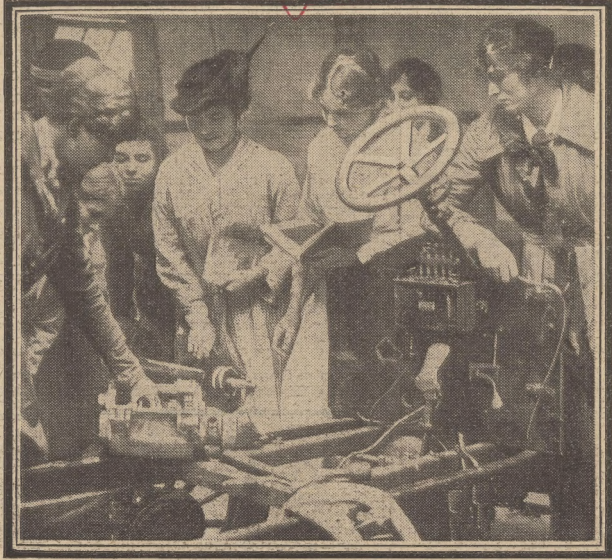
Mlle. Andree Mielly, the pierrot in "L'Enfant Prodigue," wearing the new pierrot frill in taffeta. The hat is ornamented with a rose of painted celluloid.

# FRENCH KEEP THE HUNS AT BAY.



In the middle of the battle of Verdun. The photograph was taken while the French were repulsing an attack with hand grenades.

# WILL THEY BE AS INDEPENDENT AS THE MEN?



Women are preparing for the time when they may be called upon to drive taxicabs, and the photograph shows a class at the school which has been established by the Hon. Gabrielle Borthwick, daughter of Baron Borthwick.

# HUN WEARING PUTTEES.



Photograph found in a captured German trench, showing a Hun wearing puttees. A dug-out has been built under the front parapet.

**The Paddy Cleaner Co.** (Dept. M),  
56, Forest Hill Road, LONDON, S.E.

## THIS FINE STORY HAS SCORED A BIG SUCCESS

## ROSALIE

By MARK ALLERTON.

## CHAPTER I.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. As is usual, being a pretty girl, she comes in for a good deal of critical inspection.

There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting. Rosalie flatters herself that she can arrest the gaze of any young man by a slight upraising of her eyebrows. But this time it is not successful. He only smiles.

He is about twenty-eight and good-looking. His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie deliberately looks forward. "I beg your pardon," she says with a certain ominous directness, "but do I know you?"

The young man laughs. He tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve, the vicar's wife at Northbury Park. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris. They talk over old times, and Wynne tells her that he, too, lives in Northbury Park. Rosalie is frankly glad to hear it, as since her marriage she has lost sight of a lot of her old friends. She arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, is clever and popular and a fine figure of a man, and is certain for big promotion. But his ignorance of the secular world is abysmal, and amuses Rosalie, who loves him genuinely and wholeheartedly.

When he hears his wife mention the name of Alan Wynne he feels a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities and by the strange artistic people who attend parties in his studio.

The Rev. Hugh Grieve does not say anything until Rosalie tells him that she is dining with her artist friends. He has not got over the irritation caused by his wife's enthusiasm at meeting Wynne. He is very annoyed, but gives way.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. Rosalie is driven to defend Wynne.

"It is a shame that you should talk of him like this," she protests. "You know he is only by hearsay. I like Alan Wynne, and I don't see why I shouldn't meet him whenever I like."

You have developed a very sudden attachment to this fellow. In his anger Hugh does not attempt to conceal his snarl. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie.

"Hugh, what's the matter with you?" cries Rosalie.

"Simply this. I am not going to have you knowing Wynne. You have got to choose between your loyalty to him and your loyalty to me. You mustn't see him again. I am in earnest, Rosalie. Finally he tells her that she must choose between them."

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says she will not see Wynne again. But one day he calls on her with an explanation of why people are talking about him. Rosalie says that she believes him. Give him a hand on it, says Wynne. At that moment Hugh Grieve enters and sees Wynne holding Rosalie's hand.

## A STRAINED MEETING.

AT the sight of Wynne seated by the side of Rosalie his first feelings were those of physical nausea, or rather of mental sickness. Jealousy is no respecter of persons, and when its attack is immediate and unexpected very few men who are in love can resist it.

For a moment Hugh Grieve saw red. He wanted to make a scene. His first impulse was to drive Alan Wynne from the house. His second to demand from Rosalie an explanation. She had promised him that she would break her friendship with Wynne. And now, on his first absence from the house since the subject had been raised, he came back to find her alone with Wynne.

Some instinct brought to him a realisation of the depth of his anger and gave him warning. He remembered swiftly that he must not make a scene. Wynne was a stranger to him. He could not depend on Wynne's observance of the sanctity of domestic differences. At Wynne might blazon the incident abroad. At all costs he must avoid a scene. But his self-denial filled him with shame. As he closed the door and came forward into the room he felt the meanest hypocrite in all the world.

"Keeping the fire warm, Rosalie?" he asked. He could think of nothing else to say.

The girl started up. "Hugh! What a fright you gave me! I never heard you come in. She came towards him. She saw that he was smiling. In the dusk she did not see that the smile was a travesty, lips forced apart by sheer will-power.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Shall I switch up the light?" Hugh asked. "Better still, let us enjoy the twilight." The half-light was friendly to his pose. Then he faced Wynne, who had risen to his feet.

"This is Mr. Wynne, Hugh," said Rosalie, speaking quickly. "He called soon after you had gone. My husband, Alan."

"How do you do?"

"How do you do, Mr. Grieve? Why! Your hands are as cold as ice. What a day it is, to be sure. Come and sit down by the fire."

Again Hugh Grieve's gift of words deserted him. What is an angry man to say to a guest who invites him to sit by his own fireside? Before he obeyed he allowed his glance to fall on Wynne. It was met by a pair of laughing eyes and a frank smile. He believed that the smile was one of mockery. He felt at an intolerable disadvantage.

"I'll ring for tea," said Rosalie. "Do draw your chair closer in, Hugh."

"I'm very comfortable where I am, thanks," replied Hugh, despising himself for his failure to appear at ease.

Wynne resented himself on the couch and, crossing his legs, turned to Hugh with an air of easy friendship.

"I'm awfully glad to meet you," he said. "I've waited for some time, ever since I heard you preach. I'm afraid that that is not so recent as it ought to be. Has Rosalie told you that she and I were fellow-students in Paris?"

"Yes," Hugh paused. "My wife has told me that," he added.

Alan Wynne took the hint. "Mrs. Grieve," he said, "has been demanding an explanation from me. She has required of me an assurance that the gossip of Northbury Park is not all gospel. I suppose, Mr. Grieve, that you told her that I possessed a reputation other than that of a painter?"

His chance was challenging. Because of its very frankness it was not to be denied. It told Hugh that Rosalie had informed Wynne that people were talking about him, that she had put him on his guard. Worst of all, it told him that Wynne guessed who Rosalie's informant was, and that he was suspected of personal dislike. The situation demanded firm handling. Hugh was master of himself again. In the art of dialectic fencing he was second to none.

He smiled winningly. "Tell me, Rosalie," he said, "what was the particular offence I urged against Mr. Wynne? I have forgotten."

Rosalie stood at the tea-table. "Do you take sugar, Mr. Wynne?" she asked. "You usedn't to. What! Two lumps! Do you hear that, Hugh! What possible offence can be argued against anybody who takes two lumps of sugar in his tea? He is too primitive to be blame-worthy."

"Your wife," said Wynne, shaking his head, "has not improved. I'm sorry to have to say it, but she hasn't. She's got into a shocking habit of trying to be clever. I say 'trying' deliberately. Before you came in she was throwing off epigrams about the verb 'to be.' Now it's two lumps of sugar."

The verb 'to be' repeated Hugh, puzzled.

Yes. The thing that has the same case after it as it has before it. You know. I say, they tell me you have a wonderful garden at the back of the vicarage."

"I know nothing about gardening," she said quickly.

"Neither do I. That is why it is so delightful to me. I plant every year the contents of penny packets of seeds, choosing them by the picture on the package."

"Your garden must be a blaze of colour," said Hugh dryly.

Wynne laughed. "On the contrary. One of these days I am going to paint the pictures for seed packages. I have always had a fancy for imaginative work."

"Have you been long in Northbury Park?" asked Hugh.

"The years, I think. An old housekeeper of ours who got married took a house here. When she buried her husband I took his place."

He paused. Suddenly Rosalie burst into a peal of hysterical laughter. Hugh frowned.

"I mean," added Wynne, "I pay the rent formerly paid by my landlady's late husband. Sometimes I owe it. It's all the same. Do you know Mrs. McBain, Mr. Grieve?"

"My landlady. But, of course, you don't."

He laid aside his cup and sat erect. "I really ought to go," he said.

Not even Rosalie made response. She was fuming at Wynne's audacious impudence showed him up in the worst possible light.

"But I really don't want to go," he added. "If I may, I shall come to St. Luke's on Sunday morning."

"You certainly may," said Hugh coldly. "Let me see you to the door."

Hugh came back to the drawing-room. He switched up the light. Rosalie darted him a quick glance. She saw that his expression was one of bewilderment rather than anger.

## "LEAVE HER ALONE."

AS he forced his way against the gale the demeanour of Alan Wynne was that of a man who had just enjoyed a highly diverting experience. Once or twice he laughed aloud.

When he reached the tramway station he stopped and pulled out his watch.

"I know what I'll do," he thought. "I'll call on the Bettisons."

Dora and Frank Bettison shared with Madge Fairfield a tiny flat in Chelsea. Frank Bettison, a genial giant of about forty, was a drawing master. His sister illustrated stories in the popular magazines. Madge Fairfield's line was miniatures. As friends of Rosalie Grieve's, Alan Wynne relied on them to supplement his diverting experiences of the afternoon.

Wynne was fortunate in finding them all at home and at tea. He was cordially welcomed.

"We were just talking about you," said Dora. "You, too!" sighed Alan.

"We were saying how jolly for you to find that Rosalie lives so near."

"I've been calling on her," said Alan. Then he laughed. "Have you ever met her husband?"

"I haven't," said Frank Bettison. "The girls have."

"Isn't he a scream?"

"A scream! No, I don't think I should call him a scream. I think he's rather charming," said Dora.

Much too argumentative," said Madge Fairfield. "We quarrel every time we meet."

"Do you know," Wynne turned to the speaker, "I think that if Grieve and I were to meet often we should quarrel, too."

"Did you get started on an argument?"

"Scarcely an argument. Have you ever heard of a case of instantaneous dislike?"

"Often. Did you hate him at first sight?"

"I was prepared to take him into my arms," said Wynne. "But as soon as our hands met I knew he looked upon me as his enemy."

"Nonsense!"

"It's true. He simply exuded hostility."

I wonder why."

In the first place he disapproves of me. A good many people in my select suburb do. In the second place, he is jealous of me. Me! Fancy being jealous of me!"

"It is quaint, isn't it?" said Frank Bettison brutally.

"A highly improper remark," retorted Wynne. "But tell me, do Grieve and Rosalie get along well together?"

"Of course. He idolises her. She adores him. What more can you wish for?"

"Simply heaps. I am quite certain that a disturbing influence has entered into the vicarage."

"What can that be?"

"I suppose that it is—myself."

There was laughter. But Madge Fairfield was grave. She was watching Wynne with cold grey eyes.

"They were very honest eyes, and they added beauty to a face otherwise plain."

"What did you and Grieve talk about?" she asked.

"All sorts of rot. I pulled his leg."

"Why?"

"Just for sport."

"I don't think," said the girl sharply, "that it can have been the least bit amusing."

"I assure you it was."

"Then I do not appreciate your sense of humour. You don't understand Hugh Grieve."

"I certainly don't."

"He's not like us. His work, his environment, his outlook on life, all these put him out of sympathy with people like us. That is why he and I always quarrel. But he is a good man—a splendid man even. And he is simply awfully in love with Rosalie."

"I don't blame him for that," said Wynne. "Again the grey eyes of the red-haired girl were on Wynne."

"Then don't make trouble."

"My dear girl," protested Wynne. "That's all right," she said, curtly. "On your own admission, he is jealous of you. I think I can guess why. It is because he doesn't understand Rosalie—yet. Give him time. The more I love a man is the longer it takes me to be really sensible. But if you start this leg-pulling folly you'll maybe make a mess of things."

"Then, what do you propose I should do?"

"Leave the Gieves alone. Get rid of your disturbing influence. The joke's not worth the playing."

Wynne's smile vanished. He saw that the girl was in grim earnest.

"I have a few friends—none at all in Northbury Park—to do as you suggest," he said. "Meaning Rosalie? What nonsense! You've done without her as a friend for so long that you can keep on doing without her. Why not leave Northbury Park? It is a ridiculous place for you to live in."

Wynne was silent. It was amazing; it was incredible. But at that moment he knew that he could not follow the girl's advice. It was a shock to him to realise how much Rosalie's friendship meant to him.

"I think if you please, that we shall talk of something else," he said.

There will be another fine instalment of this great story to-morrow.



Rosalie.

## Think of your Complexion

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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## The Royal Matinee.

I thought of the Queen looked very charming at the Coliseum Royal Matinée yesterday. And so did Princess Mary, who appears to enjoy these variety performances with the greatest zest. How she laughed at Harry Tate in "Motoring"!

## The Queen's Guests.

There was, of course, a very representative audience present. Lord Lonsdale—he could not smoke his cigar—Sir J. M. Barrie, the author of "Murder Mystery"; and the Duchess of Marlborough were present. Over a hundred soldiers attended as the Queen's guests.

## The Prince and Gloves.

A staff officer home on leave was telling me yesterday that the Prince of Wales never puts on a glove, and that he has got his hands as hard as those of the hardest-worked navy. Even as a child he had a curious objection to gloves—seemed to think them effeminate, and later that they hindered him in sport and driving a car.

## "Macbeth" on the "Movies."

The mystery is solved at last. Sir J. M. Barrie's promised surprise turns out to be a comic film performance of "Macbeth." Probably no other dramatist of our time would have conceived such an idea in the year of Shakespeare's tercentenary.

## "The Real Thing."

It goes with a swing, this play—"The Real Thing at Last," as it is called. From the moment when the announcement appears upon the curtain—"The first real performance of 'Macbeth.' All scoop: No Talkie-talkie"—to the close, when a white swan is depicted moving its jaws up and down—the "Swan of Avon," you see—it was nothing but a succession of laughs.

## A Suspicious Scot.

Perhaps one of the most amusing pictures in the "drama" is that which shows Duncan refusing to sleep in the bed that had been prepared for him. "Those Macbeths—I don't trust 'em!" he is supposed to mutter. Queen Mary followed the play with the keenest interest and amusement.

## Suspended Ties.

The departure of the "nuts" has had a serious effect on the designers who think out new colour schemes for ties. I am told that there are practically no new ties this year, and that those of us who are not eligible for military service will be wearing dark greys with spotted effects.

## The "Unknown" Anglers.

Sir Edward Grey's great hobby has, of course, always been fishing. I know a famous scientist who met the Foreign Secretary while on a quiet fishing expedition in the New Forest. They spent their evenings together, and talked mainly of fishing, so nothing they said betrayed their respective identities. Neither guessed who the other was. Some time after, at a public banquet, they were placed side by side, and then only did each great man recognise who his unknown fellow-angler had been.



Sir Edward Grey.

## Identical Honours.

A man who was at Oxford with the Premier was telling me what a coincidence it was that Mr. Asquith and his son Raymond both carried off almost identical honours in their student days. The Premier won a scholarship, and his son an exhibition at Balliol. They both took firsts in "Mods" and in "Greats," each won in his time the Craven Scholarship and became President of the Union, and each finally secured a Fellowship.

## War Loan Pros and Cons.

During the last two or three days I've heard quite a number of responsible people discussing the pros and cons of War Loan Premium Bonds, and discussing them, too, in quite a new spirit. They think the opposition would not be nearly as great as was at first thought, and I shouldn't be surprised to soon hear something more definite of the idea.

## Working.

This is the Hon. Mrs. Guy Wilson, who is serving the country by attending to the necessities and comforts of the wounded. She is the wife of the Hon. Guy Greville Wilson,



The Hon. Mrs. Guy Wilson.

M.P., D.S.O., who is the brother of Lord Nunburnholme and a major in the East Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry. He won the D.S.O. in the South African War.

## Lady Forbes-Robertson.

What a long time it is since we saw Miss Gertrude Elliot—it is difficult to think of Lady Forbes-Robertson by any other name—on the London stage! I saw her make her debut in vaudeville at the Victoria Palace. She looked very charming in short skirts, and sang three songs with the most delicate of inflections. She is doing it, I hear, on behalf of one of the war charities. I'm sure the enterprise will be highly successful.

## At the Coliseum.

After seeing Lady Forbes-Robertson I made my way through the snow to the Coliseum. There I enjoyed "Abe" Yorke and "Mawruss" Leonard, of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame, in a new playlet, "Isadore, You Tell Her." It is an amusing trifle, and brings out again the humour that made "Abe and Mawruss" a joy to the war-worn Londoner. Miss Mabel Mann, a very young contralto with a charming voice, preceded the playlet and had a success. A good bill, the Coliseum's this week.

## A Song of Drama.

Mlle. Delysia has created a genuine sensation at the Ambassadors with her new war song. Sung in the real—not the romantic—costume of a vivandière, it is one of the most dramatic things I have ever heard in song. It's very seldom you hear a British audience moved to cry "Bravo!"—but they did at the Ambassadors the other night.

## Mystery Play.

Mr. H. B. Irving is extremely secretive regarding the story of his new mystery play which is due at the Savoy on Thursday week, and of course the attitude is the proper one to adopt with such a title as "The Barton Mystery." I learn, however, that Miss Hilda Bayley has a part after her own heart, showing much of her temperament as the mystery unfolds itself.

## From the Alhambra Wings.

Listening to an all-star concert from the wings of the great Alhambra stage is rather a tiring business, but it was worth it the other evening, when Lady Forbes-Robertson, Miss Mary Moore and Miss Lilian Braithwaite gathered their friends together, with the happy result of over £300 for their Star and Garter Hospital Fund.

## Quick Work.

For quick work in the publishing line, I think this wins the palm. Mr. William Murdoch was telling me that his wife's new song, "A Silhouette," was only written on Thursday last, seen by Mr. Boosey in the afternoon, accepted, first cheque paid and engraved by Saturday.

## A One-Girl Revue.

Here's good news. Miss Florence Smithson tells me she starts next week with a show of her own, a kind of revue with a cast of one—the leading lady, Florence Smithson! She changes five times and has some wonderful early Victorian costumes. Miss Smithson says she will be away from town, touring, for four weeks, and then London claims her again.

## What Made Lord Fisher Laugh.

While Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill was giving the Government the benefit of his advice I took the opportunity to study the Prime Minister. I must confess that he did not look particularly impressed with his former colleague's performance. Only once did he smile. This was when Winston, speaking of the need of recalling Lord Fisher to the Admiralty, said, "My mind is now clear." Even the Sphinx-like face of Lord Fisher, who sat in the Peers' Gallery, relaxed into smiles.

## Winston Getting Balder.

Mr. Churchill, who was in mufti, was looking remarkably well. The open-air life has brought a tinge of colour to his cheeks, but his hair is getting thinner than ever.

## Mr. Balfour's Drink.

What, by the way, was the curious drink, with a "head" to it, which Mr. Balfour paused again and again to quaff during his speech last night?

## Australia's Prime Minister.

Last night I met that wonderful little Welshman the Hon. William M. Hughes, who years ago was an unknown school teacher in the Old Country and to-day is the Prime Minister of Australia. He had just arrived from "down under," and told me that he had come over here on the invitation of the British Government to exchange views with them upon matters arising out of the war.

## He Answered, but Said Nothing!

Two hours after his arrival a party of journalists cornered him at the Hotel Cecil, but he cornered them in turn. They fired a hundred and one questions at him, some general and not a few pertinent. He answered them all, but they learnt little.

## Mrs. Louis Duveen.

This is a portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Louis Duveen, wife of one of the heads of the great art firm. Mrs. Duveen is very busy just now on the committee of the Star and Garter Building Fund, where her organising abilities



Mrs. Louis Duveen.

have full scope. I hear her husband has just given four magnificent miniatures (three by Engleheart and one by Plimer) to the Red Cross sale at Christie's. Mrs. Duveen does not look like the mother of a boy at Eton!

## "Happy and Satisfied."

The face of the "Tommy" on the recruiting poster labelled "Happy and satisfied—are you?" has always worried me. I've found out now whom he is like—it is Bombardier Wells, who certainly fills the bill as "happy and satisfied." Doesn't he wear khaki and the championship belt as well?

## True Lovers of the Horse.

I ran across the first butcher's shop to be opened in London for the retail sale of horse-flesh. It is just off Piccadilly, and the proprietor tells me he is already doing a good trade with Belgian, French and Italian customers. So far, he has not had an English client.

## Deep Foresight.

Dear little Eric accompanied mother on her visit to the friendly grocer, who invited Eric to take a handful of sweets. But the dear little chap hesitated, whereupon the grocer smilingly helped him to a generous handful. "Why didn't you take the sweets when he told you to?" asked mother when they had left the shop. "Cause his hand is bigger'n mine," answered the dear little fellow.

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## A QUEEN OF CHARM.



Miss Teddie Gerard, an actress whose charm and personality have endeared her to Palace audiences. She wore this Cleopatra-like costume when performing for charity in Egypt.

## FIERCE FIGHTING AT HARROW: SNOW SCENES ROUND LONDON.



Harrow boys enjoy a snowball fight. They welcomed the fall, which was one of the heaviest for some years.



Washing outside their billet.



One for the "straw yard."



New Zealanders enjoy themselves.

Londoners do not, as a rule, enjoy snowfalls, as before long the streets are covered with a dirty, clinging slush with which the vehicles liberally bespatter one's clothes. But in the country it provides good sport, and the dwellers on the outskirts of the city went snowballing and tobogganing yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## NEARING THE END OF THE EAST HERTS CAMPAIGN: LISTENING TO MR. BILLING.



Mr. Pemberton Billing, the independent Air candidate, spent a busy day yesterday, and the pictures show him addressing an open-air meeting and in his motor-car. The Coalition candidate is Captain Brodie Henderson, and the electors will decide which



of the two is to represent them to-morrow. The campaign is arousing the greatest interest in the constituency, and the speakers can always be assured of a good audience.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

